### GROWING RICH IN ALASKA

MISSOURI BOY WRITES HOME OF LIFE AT DAWSON CITY.

Complains Bitterly of the Outrageous Revenue Duties Levied by Ottawa Government-The Yukon Order of Pioneers.

Henry Alexander, of Maryville, Mo., has received a long and interesting letter from his son, G. E. Alexander, who has been in Dawson City, Alaska, since 1895. The letter is dated "Dawson City, N. W. T., Aug 18, 1897," and in part is as follows:

"I have been spending most of the sum-mer at Dawson City, but will leave shortly for the mines on Bonanza creek, where I will remain until next spring. A new creek was struck this summer known as Domin-ion creek. It is a tributary to Indian river. I succeeded in locating a claim-a very fav-orable location-on it. There were two discoveries on the river and my claim is between them. I am offering one-half interest in the claim to anyone who will prospect it and represent me at the claim, as I will not be able to be there myself. 'A friend of mine and I have just finished

"A friend of mine and I have just fluished a building here in town, which we will sell for \$2,000 or rent for \$100 a month. I succeeded in holding my Davis creek property this summer. It is not anything big, but if men become plenty in this country next year, or any other year, that ground has a stake in it for some one. The ground averaged after I bought it one ounce (\$15\$) to the man per day for shoveling in. Of course, to make money out of a claim a force of men is the essential object. But to get men over here this summer was an impossibility, except one or two.

"The exchement of the country is right here, and as for the strike on the Klondike, I regard it as the biggest that was ever known in the world. They are getting as high as \$2,500 to the pan on Eidorade creek (a tributary to Bonanza), and 3,000 ounces, or \$51,000, was taken from one claim alone in about a week's shoveling, at a total expense of \$5,000. At that rate there will be at least \$1,000,000 or \$1,000,000 in the claim. You can see more gold handled here in a day than you will see in the states in a lifetime, unless you visit the mint. The boats leaving this spring have had their safes and boxes made for the purpose full of gold.

"This is, as I have always said and be-

lifetime, unless you visit the mint. The boats leaving this spring have had their safes and boxes made for the purpose full of gold.

"This is, as I have always said and believe, a greater gold mining country than all the rest of the world combined. There are thousands of creeks that white man has never touched with a spade. Paying creeks are faund from one end of the great Yukon to the other. Gold is found in tributaries almost to St. Michael's, which is 1,800 miles from here. Think of it—as far as from you live to San Francisco!

"This is the only country in the world that's fit for a poor man to live in—and whether rich or poor I don't think from choice I would ever exchange a frontier for an Eastern life. Previous to this year the men in this country seemed like a band of brothers. There is an order here called the Yukon Order of Pioneers. They all have a regalia they wear on certain occasions. One of the old pioneers died two or three weeks ago, and during sickness, death and burial they took entire charge on him. I attended the funeral, and one of the brother pioneers delivered a funeral oration that, in its depth of feeling and its lofty praise of brotherhood, rivaied Ingersoil himself. Every face of those bold, rugged men was studded with liquid pearls, and indeed it was a scene never to be forgotten by me.

"There are, it is supposed, 6,000 or 7,000

afraid of as the miners' law. Only one man was ever known to be killed on the American side, and he was a moral and civil outlaw. It is estimated that the Canadian government will collect \$2,00,000 here between last spring and next. I intend to make the best of it I can this winter, and then forever live on the American side.

"There is much complaint that the United States is slow in determining the accuracy of the boundary line. They say that Ogilvie's survey was thrown out of the senate and so Forty Mile and even this county may be in the United States for all we know. President McKinley has, however, notified the Canadian government that they must keep account of the revenues collected until the boundary is settled.

"A representative of the Rothschilds is here in Dawson to see if he can't get a corner on the entire country and own the gold of the Arctic zone as well as of the Temperate and Tropic. It is true that capital develops a country faster, but it leaves it in a bad condition after it is developed. That is the worst of it. The old saying of Horace Greeley, 'Go West, young man, and grow up with the country,' will be impossible of carrying out when this country is settled, because this is most certainly the lumping off place.

"How sad, oh, how sad, it will be when there are no more countries to explore, when the true spirit of man can no more hope to gratify to the fullness of his soul and spirit freedom from social and political rottenness and corruption!"

#### WHY ARE FLOWERS FRAGRANT? What Advantage in Life Economy

Have Sweet Scented Over Odonless Flowers.

From the New York Independent.

The great leading object in nature in providing nectar and fragrance in flowers is The great leading object in nature in providing nectar and fragratice in flowers is still a subject of discussion in scientific journals. That some flowers are unable to fertilize themselves and must have the aid of insects is certain; and it is also certain that in many cases the fertilization is accomplished by the insect while on foraging expeditions for the sweets which flowers furnish. But these well-ascertained facts cover but a small portion of the ground.

The fertilization is as often accomplished by insects in search of pollen as in search of honey; but it is not contended that pollen is given to flowers in order to make them attractive to insects, as is said of the sweet secretions. It is believed that nectar must be of some direct value to the plant, as well as the pollen; and the effort is to had cut what is the chief office of nectar in the life history of the flower. Since though has been turned in this direction, a new class of facts is being recorded.

In California grows a lupine (Lupinus confertus) which often takes exclusive possession of large tracts of land. If does not yield a particle of nectar. It has bright crimson-violet flowers, and these are produced in such abundance that the color of the mass may be noted at long distances. But it has fragrance. This is so powerful that the traveler notes it long before he meets with the growing plants. The pollencollecting insects visit the flower in great numbers. It is believed that cross fertilization can be effected by these pollen-collecting insects visit the flower in great numbers. At any rate, the fragrance would be thrown away if it were provided for the mere sake of advertising for insect aid—as the other numerous species of lupine which have no fragrance are as freely visited by bees for the sake of the pollen as is this species.

The cross fertilization is effected as freely visited by bees for the plilosophical questions in-

The cross fertilization is effected as freely without fragrance as with it. This point has been made before, though with no reference to the philosophical questions involved. Fragrant flowers are the exception not the rule. In some families of plants where there may be several scores of species only one or two are fragrant. This has been especially noted among the wild species of violet. But no one has so far been able to note the slightest advantage in life economy which the sweet-scented ones possess over the odorless ones.

### Killing Rabbits for Their Fur.

From the New York Journal.
Out on the plains they are killing jack rabbits by the hundreds for the fur had rabbits by the hundreds for the fur hat trade. The rabbits are so numerous on the Western Kansas plains that they can be scared up by the score simply by dragging over the sod a long wire that will brush the grasses. Behind this, as horses haul it forward, come the hunters, and they shoct the hares without mercy, filling the wagons by the end of the day. The skins are quoted as follows: Good skins, 3 cents each: damaged, half price; culls and pieces, 5 cents a pound; cottontail rabbits, 3 cents a pound. The Kansas farmers are putting in their time in this way and are making money,

#### WOMEN ON SKAGUAY TRAIL. Miners Had No Time for Gallaute and Refused to Help

Them. A letter from Theodore Getz, one of the Noyo party, which left San Francisco

"We met two women traveling alone on the pass, and they earnestly pleaded with the men to assist them on the way, but the men had no time for a display of gallantry, and stolidly refused to stop. These women had a light stock of provisions and will be in a bad fix unless they get assist-

women had a light stock of provisions and will be in a bad fix unless they get assistance from the other side.

The brutality toward dumb animals is something terrible, and the epithets hurled at them are astounding. One young horse got his leg caught between two large, sharp bewiders, and in his francic endeavors to free himself tore his leg completely off at the knee. He lived some time before he was shot. Going over the White pass the first mountain to be traversed is about five miles over. Passing over that we struck a marshy and muddy flat about one mile wide, the mud being from one to three feet in depth. Then came mountain No. 2, about the same steepness as the first mentioned. Then we reached Porcupine mountain, the worst of the three. It very much resembles a ladder of stone up one side and down on the other. It is really a mystery how animals get over this place.

After getting over the Porcupine, another beggy bottom is encountered for a mile, when we strike what is termed the Lost mountain. In passing this mountain not more than one animal in three comes cut alive. There are numerous ways for a horse to break his neck, leg or back, and if he once falls he is as good as dead.

There are no precipices on this mountain. It is nothing but a solid bed of rock and can't boast of one foot of soil. The trail over is about three and one-half miles long and is paralleled by a trail of dead animals, which are so numerous in places for a distance of 100 yards.

"It is a frequent occurrence for an animal to fall and break a leg and the owner to pass right along without paying any attention or having any idea of putting the noor brute out of his misery. A few days later he will return and take the pack from the animal's back.

"On arriving at Lost mountain and making inquiries as to the condition of the

nimal's back.
"On arriving at Lost mountain and mak-"On arriving at Lost mountain and making inquiries as to the condition of the trail, we were informed that we had only sone over the 'bicycle' part of it, so you can imagine the hardships. Once over this mountain twenty-three miles have to be traveled before reaching the summit, the easiest of them all. After that Lake Bennett is reached. There are very few getting over unless they are millionaires, and many of them give it up.

"If a man wants to get over the pass with fifty pounds he can, with much labor and hardship, probably make the lakes in five days, but to try and get an outfit over he doesn't stand a ghost of a show at this season of the year. It has been snowing hard on the mountains, and the stench arising from the dead animals is something awful." At these places the trail is often call.

arising from the dead animals is something awful.

"At these places the trail is often only three feet wide, and walls of rock hundreds of feet high on one side and on the other running down 100 to 300 feet. It frequently happens that a man and his animals have to jump from four to six feet from one rock to another below, and hold themselves on four to six feet squage of space. If an animal makes a misstep on one of these places you never see him again.

one of these places you never see him again.

"One day three animals ahead of ame dropped off in succession from one of these jumps. No one pays any attention to it, and the unfortunate who owns the animals and outfit gets little sympathy. Every one is busy looking out for himself."

rugged men was studded with liquid pearis, and indeed it was a scene never to be for sotten by me.

"There are, it is supposed, 6,000 or 7,000 people in the vicinity of Dawson City. The greatest drawback in this section of the sountry is the government. The people are being taxed outlandishly. The first recording fee on a claim is \$5, the next \$100, and seven years after is \$100 for each claim. They even charge stumpage for cutting wood at \$5 cents per cord, which amounts to considerable where so much is burned in warming the ground. Even the dead wood lying on the ground is charged for at 10 cents per cord. Hence logs are charged for at 10 cents per cord. Hence logs are charged for at the rate of \$ cents per log, providing they are not too large—say, twelve inches at the bottom.

"All goods have a heavy revenue duty, which is said to be in retallation on the United States. The outspoken manner of the people says: 'G—d d—n the Canadian government.' The hateful feature is that every cent of the revenues is sent to Ottawa. Not a trail or a postoffice is built by them. It's taxation without representation in the fullest sense of the words! It's a wonder to me that the miners and the people stand it. Of course, if we don't like the government we can leave. But the idea of twenty-five or thirty police and a gold commissioner coming in here and running the country is humiliating, indeed. They talk about order, etc. Great God, there is no law men are as much afraid of as the miners' law. Only one man was ever known to be killed on the American is half of the propose stand it. Of course, if we don't like the government will collect \$2,000,000 here be. his English. No one on this side of the water ever refers to an engine as a 'loco,' and the author never once uses the word engine in his story. If Kipling's '007' had been written for England or the colonies, it would have been perfectly proper to refer to a certain style of engine as 'American' in build, but in this country we have only American locomotives, and no practical railroad men in the United States uses the word 'bogie' when speaking of a 'truck.' These errors show that Kipling is like Sullivan's tar and

#### "In spite of all temptations To belong to other nations He remains an Englishman.

"If he had been reared in this country r had more than a bowing acquaintance with railroad people, he would not have spoken of an engne as 'he,' and he would have chosen some other decoration than pea green with a red 'buffer bar' for one of the most conspicuous of his collection

pea green with a red 'buffer bar' for one of the most conspicuous of his collection of 'locos.'

Edgar Van Etten, general superintendent of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, says: "It is one of the best railroad stories I ever read. Many writers try to write similar tales, but they usually fall when they strike technical points; but Kipling has made none of the usual blunders, and his story would be most excellent from the railroad man's point of view, but for a few slight errors. For example: "I've trouble enough in my own division,' said a lean, light suburban loco, with very shiny brake shoes. 'My commuters wouldn't rest till they got a parlor car. They've hitched it on just ahead o' the caboose, and it hauls worse'n a snow plow."

"Now, a caboose, everyone knows, is the car at the end of a freight train, and no one ever saw a caboose and a parlor car hitched as Kipling described, His satire on the yardmaster is simply delicious. It may be a little overdrawn, but it shows that officer to be an unlimited monarch, and that's what he is for the time being. But when the author has the yardmaster examining freight receipts he makes another error. A yardmaster never sees these documents. He handles way bills and running bills, but never a freight receipt. Mr. Kipling shows that they carry jackscrews, but he probably never heard of anyone in a roundhouse talk about liced water.'"

# POORLY PAID PREACHERS.

A Sage Colored Divine Explains Why the Evil Exists-Poor Pay, Poor Preach.

A St. Louis physician tells the following

story:
"I have a young clerical friend who is very much prone to complain of his povvery mach profile to company of his poverty. The other night I met him at a mutual friend's house in South St. Louis. He was, as usual, telling how poorly paid clergymer were, with the inference, of course, that he was a better preacher than moneyworker. maker.
"That reminds me,' I said, 'of an ex-

"That reminds me, I said, 'of an example I met last Saturday. The old negro who hauls my ashes is a preacher. I learned this incidentally and inquired of him about it. "Sam," I said, "isn't it a little beneath the dignity of a preacher to be bauling ashes? How much money do make out of the church?"

""Massah," he replied, "Ah gets very make out of the church?"
"'"Massah." he replied, "Ah gets very
little. Sometimes a quatah. sometimes a
half, sometimes a dollah a Sunday."
"""Well," I returned, "it seems to me
that's mighty poor wages." ""Well." I returned, it seems to me that's mighty poor wages."
""Ye-s." drawled the darky; "but ah'll tell you, it's mighty poah preachin'."
"Now my clerical friend does not speak to me. The shoe seemed to fit."

# ODD CURE FOR PARALYSIS.

colored "Doctor" Orders Coins Laid Upon a Patient and Appropriates Them, Her Relatives Say.

James Wilcox, a colored "doctor," was sentenced to six months in jail in Judge Chetlain's court, Chicago, on the charge of larceny. The testimony given in the case, which involved a few secrets of the professor, created much amusement in the courtroom. Some months ago the defendant entered the home of Frank Oden's wife, who was suffering from paralysis. Wilcox was paid in small sums, and began by ordering that Mrs. Oden hold five silver dollars in her mouth for an hour. Eventually, it is alleged, this money was transferred to the pocket of Wilcox. After several days Wilcox returned to say that he desired a \$5 gold piece, which he proposed to rub upon the fifth rib of the sufferer. The \$5 gold piece went the way of the five silver dollars, it is claimed. entenced to six months in jail in Judge

### YANKEE CONSUL FORCED A TURKISH JAIL OPEN



United States Consul James H. Madden, of Illinois, is not what may be termed a decorative official. His consulship confines him to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and in that ancient town, in the presence of the Turkish officials, the American missionaries and a great crowd, on a recent occasion, he took an ax and smashed in the jall door and released a number of American citizens confined there.

It was about this time last year, and the Turks and Kurds and Druses were murdering the Christians in all directions. They killed thousands of them in Van and thousands of them of the Willay the Van Wall of the Van Wall of the States fire of the United States fire of the Van Wall of the Vallayet, "I'll report to the commander of the Villayet, "I'll report to the commander of the Villayet, "I'll report to the governor, "I'll report to the commander of the Villayet, "I'll report to the governor, "I'll report to the sultan at Constantinople."

The proper, time-honored thing to do, of

# WON HER CHASE TO WED. PLAYING THE STARVING GAME.

MARY KOPCO CAUGHT HER RECRE-ANT LOVER AT LAST.

Gozalia Deserted His Would-Be Bride at the Altar, but She "Camped on His Trail" and Finally Ran Him to Earth.

From the New York World. This is the story of Evangeline, with Perth Amboy trimmings. The heroine is Mary Kopco, a blonde, famed for beauty,

17 as to years, and determined as to character. She was only 16 on that fateful day when Carl Gozalia forsook her at the altar of St. Joseph's church, whither she had gone to become his bride, and fled the city with-

ous charge.

He was shown no mercy. Prison or marriage was the choice offered him. He chose prison first, but quickly changed his mind and said that he preferred the shackles of

Again the little woman repaired to St.
Joseph's church, and this time a constable
—as best man for the bride, as it werewent along with the bridegroom, and there
was no hitch but the wedding knot in the
proceedings. The Rev. H. Kammsky performed the ceremony and advised the
young man not to run away again. Mary
smiled at this and then squared her jaw
determinedly. But Gozalia, conquered,
made no effort to escape a second time.
And thus Perth Amboy's Evangeline
brought her story to a more satisfactory
end than that conceived by Longfellow.

# OFFERS THE QUEEN A VIOLIN.

#### Two Tramps Concoct a Scheme to Excite Sympathy-And the Plan Was Successful.

From the New York Tribune. Two seedy looking men appeared in Amsterdam yesterday morning a little after o'clock. They had come from different directions. As they approached each other

the elder of the pair called out, "Well, 'Bili,' what luck?" "Oh, great!" replied "Bill." "Dere all gone to church but de hired girl, and she said she'd call a cop if I didn't walk right along. What luck did you have. "Tom'?" "Oh, same old t'ing." said "Tom," in a husky voice. "But, say, 'Bill,' I got an husky voice. "But, say, 'Bill,' I got an idea. I saw it in de paper yesterday. Suppose I starves. All de mugs is goin' to church, and dey won't go by a poor unfortunate what's layin' weak wid starvatter will dea!"

ion, will dey?"
"Capital idee, Ye're a gen'us!" encourout apology or explanation.

Did Mary faint when she heard the direful news? Not she! Miss Kopco believing at Amsterdam and Columbus avenues, in the adage—adapted for her plight—that faint heart ne'er won a faithless bride-folding up a man who appeared to be

in the adage—adapted for her plight—that faint heart ne'er won a faithless bride-groom, she went back to her home and set herself to trace the flight of her fickle lover.

She heard of him in a Pennsylvania town and followed after. He flied at her approach. Again she watched and waited, and again got news of him and followed. Here and there she wandered, stouthearted and determined, though Gozalia was slippery and she failed repeatedly to catch up to him.

At last she returned to Perth Amboy without announcing her coming to her dearest friend. Gozalia had taken it for granted that she had left the place to search for him forever elsewhere. So he, rabbit-like, returned to the place of his first flight—his former home.

Mary allowed no grass to grow beneath her tiny feet. She went to Justice Strickes and swore out a warrant. Accompanied by Constable Walters, she bore down upon the hiding place of the faithless one, and before Gozalia could count ten backwards he found himself locked up to face a serious charge.

He was shown no mercy. Prison or mar-

other man met him.

"Here's your share, SI cents," said the first. "Worked like a charm. But that soup was hotter'n h-l."

"Say. "Tom." ye're a gen'us," and the two went their way.

Park Policeman Baldwin reported that he had picked up a starving man, who gave his name as Thomas Robinson, but who had no home.

#### GOVERNOR'S SON A BURGLAR. Peter Low, of Washington, Now in a Prison Cell at Tacoma for Housebrenking.

Peter Low, or H. Estabrook, by which name he is known to the police, was ar-THE DEAR OLD BOYS.

It Was all Right Until They Came to Telling of the Baby Prize.

From the Detroit Free Press.
They were two old men who had met for the first time in years and were living over some of their youthful experiences with a pleasure that was positively juvanile. Their glee had attracted quite an audience and the veterans were showing something of a rivairy in what they had to tell.

"Til never forget that harvest home picnic," said one of them with a congratulatory chuckle, "where I took the prize as the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize as the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize call on that occasion, Great time we had there, Boys don't seem to get as much fun out of living as we used to. I suppose the rested at Tacoma, Wash., for burglary. "I'll never forget that harvest home picnic," said one of them with a congratulatory chuckle, "where I took the prize as the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize also the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize also the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize also the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize also the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize also the handsomest baby. If I remember right, Pete, your father had the prize also the semator, which was signed W. B. Alliston the senator, which senator the senator, which was signed W. B. Alliston the senator, which senator th prize."

"Yes, an' I got the secretary's report showin' that you was the only baby in the contest. They was a run of whoopin' cough just then and none of the rest of the folks would bring their bables out."

During the laugh that followed the two old codgers disappeared through opposite doors and each had his shoulders well up about his ears.

Hess man, who writes as to an old school master friend. He declines to advance more; in some scheme which Estabrook has evidently broached to him on the ground that his money is all invested.

The Cheerful Spirit.

Edwin Arnold.

From the lowest point of view hope is very cheap, and gladness acts as a sov-

very cheap, and gladness acts as a sov-ereign medicine. Sunshine has not a stronger effect in developing the beauty of offers the queen a violin.

Vietoria Declines a Unique Present
Made by a West Virginia
Admirer.

Several months ago John L. Highbarger, of near Harper's Ferry, W. Va., constructed as sweet-toned violin of cedar wood from the old John Brown place, near there.
He conceived the idea of presenting the listrument to Queen Victoria, of England, who, he was informed, had spoken in high terms of the character of the ill-guided slave liberator. He accordingly wrote asking if the queen would accept the gift if he sent it. The offer was respectfully declined in a note to the following effect:
"Sir Arthur Bigge is commanded to thank Mr. John L. Highbarger for the kind offer contained in his letter of July 2, but at the same time to add that it would not be possible for the queen to accept a violin, as it is an invariable rule that offerings of this nature should not be received by her majesty."

ereign medicine, Sunshine has not a strenger effect in developing the beauty of flowers or the form of leaves than radiunce of mind and lightness of heart in bringing forth all that is best in men and women. We have partly found this out as regards children, and society conspires nowadays to render their early years happy. The Japanese recognized that same high duty con serve and most joyous little ones in the world. But why stop at the head of the best mannered and most joyous little ones in the world. But why stop at the head of the people made slave liberator. He accordingly wrote asking if the queen would accept the gift if he queen would accept the gift if he seem to queen to accordingly wrote asking if the queen would accept the gift if he seem to define a wood from the world. But why stop at the conceived and recreations of the people made childhood? I should like to see the pastimes and recreations of the people made he little ones in the world. But why stop at the following effect:

The first All May be a strength of mind and lightness of heart in bringing of the automatic beauty of mind and lightness of world all gents as

### NAME DIED YEARS AGO.

off at the Philadelphia STRANGE STORY CONCERNING A ST. Mint. LOUIS POLITICIAN.

Heir to a Fortune in Russia-Came of a Nihilist Family and Fears He Cannot Collect the Money--Fled to America.

The announcement that Deputy Sheriff John F. Mielert, of St. Louis, had fallen heir to a Russian fortune led to the relation of a life story which has been as a sealed book for nearly half a century. Thousands of St. Louisians know John I Thousands of St. Louisians know John F. Mielert. He has been an officeholder and prominent in Republican political circles for years. From 1890 to 1894, he was a justice of the peace. Since then he has been chief of Sheriff Troll's staff of deputies. During all the years that he was a conspicuous ligure none of his many friends suspected that the name by which they knew him was not his by right of birth. Even now Judge Mielert, as he is always called, will not reveal his true name. He fears the revengeful wrath of a power that pursued him nearly fifty years ago.

He is a political exile from Russia, and though rulers have come and gone since he fell under the ban of the czars, though he is hedged about with all the safeguards which American citizenship affords, he says the secret of his birth will die with him.

The brother who died in Russia and whose fortune is Judge Mielert's by right of inheritance, was the last of the family name that the exile has all but erased from his memory. It was a name that struck terror to Czar Nicholas during the revolution of 1848. Judge Mielert confesses that much.

The head of the house, Judge Mielert's father, was a wealthy merchant of Moscow and the leader of a nihilist faction. In 1850 after the revolution had been Mielert. He has been an officeholder and

that much.

The head of the house, Judge Mielert's father, was a wealthy merchant of Moscow and the leader of a nihilist faction.

In 1859, after the revolution had been quelled, the merchant and his family fled from Moscow, closely pursued by agents of the government. In the party, besides Judge Mielert, were his father, his mother, two sisters and a brother.

The father and brother were captured. Ivan, with his mother and sisters, escaped to America.

The father was sent to Siberia a political prisoner and the brother was impressed into the Russian army.

Ivan and the little family, the burden of whose care was now on his shoulders, found themselves hounded by Russian spies even in America. They fled from place to place, always refugees from the wrath of the czars. The mother died.

Ivan, after the required length of time, became a citizen and obtained an order of court changing his name to John Mielert.

Where and when this was done he will not tell nor will he give any information that might give the Russian government a line on his movements in America.

The father of the house of the lost name languished in Siberia six years and escaped by way of China. He died, but when and where and how Judge Mielert telling of the care of the lost of the lost of the lost of the lost name and where and how Judge Mielert telling of the lost name languished in Siberia six years and escaped by way of China. He died, but when and where and how Judge Mielert telling of the lost of th

and where and how Judge Mielert will not tell.

A letter came to Judge Mielert telling of the death of his brother. The brother had served the czar ever since he was impressed in 1850. Though the scion of a Nihilist house he served the ruler he hated, perhaps through fear of a fate worse than death. He rose from the ranks until at the time of his death he was colonel of a garrison at Moscow.

The letter was from a friend of the colonel's, the only man in Moscow who knew of the relationship between the officer and the exile.

The colonel's fortune of 200,000 roubles, or \$154,000, is all Judge Mielert's under the Russian laws of inheritance. But the name of Mielert is unknown in Russia. The heir is a proscribed man, a refugee, an enemy to the czar. Though an American citizen he is afraid to go to the country of his birth to assert his rights.

"I am a political exile," said Judge Mielert, "and the money may revert to the crown. I have written a letter to my brother's friend, and he will do all he can for me without placing his own head in danger. I have been writing to my brother for years over my assumed name of Mielert. I never signed my real name."

"The name? No I wouldn't reveal it for the fortune. While I live it shall never be known on this side of the ocean. It may be necessary for me to use it in claiming my brother's fortune, but no one in America will ever learn it from me. Not that I have anything to be ashamed of, but the name died when I became John Mielert. I hate Russia and will as long as I live."

Judge Mielert is a small, smooth-faced man, who, judging from his looks, might be anywhere from 55 to 65 years old.

From the Chicago Post. Things had progressed to a point where the young man had been practically rethe young man had been practically re-ceived into the family circle. While he hadn't yet mustered up sufficient courage to ask the old man's consent, it was evi-dent he would in time. Thus it happened that the old man, who liked nothing better than a good game of whist or euchre or hearts, invited him to have a little game one evening, and of course he didn't feel that it would be noiley to refuse.

policy to refuse.
"You and mother," said the old man, referring to his wife, "can play against Martha and me. That will be fair. If you

Martha and me. That will be fair. If you and Martha sat opposite each other you would probably persist in looking into each other's eyes, to the great detriment of the game."

Naturally, the young woman and the young man blushed, but they said nothing, and the game began.

It wasn't much of a game. While the young woman wasn't sitting opposite the young woman wasn't sitting next to him, and every few minutes one or the other of them forgot to play when it was his or her turn. Then, too, there were frequent inquiries as to who took the last trick and what was trumps, and, altogether, the old man felt a good deal like swearing on one or two occasions. man felt a good deal like swearing on one or two occasions. Finally, he made up his mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue. The game had come to a standstill while the young people exchanged confidences in a whisper. It was noticeable also that each one had one hand under the table. "Young man," said the old man sharply, "I should infer from the way you are playing that you haven't much of a hand." "On the contrary, sir," protested the young man. "I think I have as good a hand as I ever held."

young man. "I think I have as good a hand as I ever held."
"Well, suppose you drop it for a few min-utes and try to play the cards that are on the table," suggested the old gentleman He did. His missing hand appeared above the table almost instantly, and so did hers. And they both blushed.

#### METEOR OUTSHONE THE MOON. Kite-Flyer Eddy Reports a Brilliant Wanderer in the Sky Above

Staten Island. W. A. Eddy, the kite expert, says that while taking temperatures of the upper air currents Saturday night a meteor of great size and brilliancy flashed across the southern heavens. Mr. Eddy said:

"I had my kites up from the yard in Bayonne when suddenly, at 10 p. m., a huge ball of bluish white light appeared in the heavens, seemingly directly above St. George, S. 1.

"It looked to be about the size of the moon, and I thought for the moment that that luminary had broken loose. But the moon was in its place and shining brightly, though the stranger's brilliancy was ten times greater. The meteor daried toward the southwest and before it disappeared seemed to burst as a skyrocket.

"I should judge the meteor was about seventy miles high. It probably burst over the ocean." air currents Saturday night a meteor of

### Nothing Very Alarming.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

He made his appearance suddenly: coming forward with a swinging gait. He was a tall, spare man, with sharp nose and thin lips. He wore no mustache, but sported a goatee on his chin and his face was seamed with painted lines. He was dressed in trousers that did not quite reach his ankles, a rough coat, a wide Western hat and a long linen duster, unbuttoned. He whittied a piece of stick unceasingly. Some one said something to him. He replied thus:

"Wa-al, I guess! I calc'late some! You kin bet your life on thet, sah! Waal, I shud smile."

This was greeted with a roar of laughter.

ter

Ho continued;
"Naow, in my country, in the land uv
the stars and stripes, suh, things is mighty
different, sah! Yes, sah, yes, suh, yes sir!
Yes, sirree! I air an A-merican, my everlatin' friend and I air proud of it!"
He said a few more things in the same

style.

The listeners simply shricked with gle-and exclaimed: "How characteristic! How clever!"

But who—who was the strange creature?

Hush! Be not alarmed, gentle reader.

Tis merely an English actor typifying
the British idea of an ordinary American.

They have us down to such a fine point

### M'KINLEY IN BRONZE.

Presidential Medal Now Being Struck

From the Philadelphia Times. The officials of the mint are working or the McKinley medals. It is customary after each presidential election to have the suc-



cessful candidate struck off in bronze, and these medals are of especial value to col-lectors, many of whom have a complete col-lection of the presidents since Washington's time. Superintendent Kretz shipped fifteen of these bronze medals to Washington recently for the president, his private secretary and members of the cabinet. They are of cop-



per and bronze. The profile of the presi-dent is an excellent likeness. On the re-verse side is the date of the inauguration. The medals are sold for the benefit of the mint earnings. A big rush of orders is ex-pected in a few days.

#### BENEFITS OF GOOD ROADS.

farmers Reap Immediate Advantage by Such Improvements-A New Era of Improvements.

"New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts have made wonderful strides in the improvement of their common roads by having the work done economically unde the supervision of a state commissioner,' said O. R. Baker, of New York, in speaking

the supervision of a state commissioner," said O. R. Baker, of New York, in speaking of the good roads and public improvements convention to be held in St. Louis in November, with representatives from every county in the state.

"I have paid some attention to the good roads movement throughout the country, as I am an enthusiastic bicyclist. But the greatest benefits to be derived from good roads are the increased value of the farming lands and the more expeditious facilities provided for sending the farmer's products to market. Statistics place the total length of the common roads in the United States at from 1,300,000 to 1,300,000 miles. There has been no system in the building of these roads; they have been constructed in a haphazard way, and in the majority of cases all principles of civil engineering have been disregarded.

"The common roads have been neglected during the great railroad building era since the civil war in this country. Ten years ago the agitation for good roads began in the East, and it has now spread over all the country. The proper way to obtain good roads is for the people to hold conventions like the one to be held in St. Louis and educate the public to a knowledge of the great advantages that will result from good roads. Then proper laws can be passed by the state legislatures and the roads of a state can be built systematically and in accordance with the best engineering skill.

good roads. Then proper laws can be passed by the state legislatures and the roads of a state can be built systematically and in accordance with the best engineering skill. The farmer reaps the great benefit from good roads. His land is not only enhanced in value, but the good roads allow him to haul his produce and farm products to rall-way stations for the market all the year round. He can thus take advantage of the market to sell his products when prices are high, no matter in what time of the year. The old Roman roads built in France by the Roman armies centuries ago serve as foundations to-day for the existing roads of that country. Napoleon fostered road building of a substantial character. The result is that the French farmer is not compelled to stay in the house or do chores around the barn on a day of bad weather, for that is the very day he selects for going to market. The roads are good the whole year round. In America the farmer, nine times out of ten, couldn't reach town with an empty wagon, let alone hauling a load of produce, during the season of bad weather. The roads are a sea of mud, and the farmer is hemmed in from the outside world. It certainly seems that another era of internal improvements is about to begin in this country."

at home who study from the set does do have dead in accordance with the year and the reamples. And so different over their examples. And so different bend over their examples. There is no stopping to exchange small con

### Wise and Otherwise.

First Child—"We've got a new/baby at our house," Second child (contemptuously)—"That's nothing. We've got a new papa at ours."—Tit-Bits.

"That's nothing. We've got a new papa at ours."—Tit-Bits.

"That tenor of yours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute." "Shucks! I've held one of his notes for two years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fuddy—"You consider Harriman a funny fellow?" Duddy—"The wittiest man I everknew. He can keep a company of Englishmen in a brown study an entire evening."—Boston Transcript.

"How do you come to be celebrating your golden wedding, Binks? You've only been married three years." "I know." said Binks, "but my wife and I thought we'd better have it now when we really need the gold."—Harper's Bazar.

"Tell me, doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice." answered the veteran physician frankly. "I will confess that I am about to retire from practice." answered the veteran physician frankly. "I will confess that I am about to retire from practice." answered the veteran physician frankly. "I will confess that I am about to retire from practice." answered the veteran physician frankly. "I will confess that I am about to retire from practice." answered the veteran physician frankly. "I will confess that I am about to retire from practice."

### UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING MEN

EFFECTIVE STRENGTH OF THE ARMY LESS THAN 2,000,000.

Captain Bigelow Talks on "Military Population" Before Technology Freshmen-Army Strength Greatly Exaggerated.

Captain John Bigelow. United States army, stationed at the Institute of Technclogy, Boston, recently gave an interest-ing talk on "Military Population." He considered the subject one that very few

ecople knew anything about. According to the war department standard, said Captain Bigelow, one person in seven is supposed to be capable of bearing arms, but the military population is really a small part of the people. The males of military age are 41 per cent of all the masculine population, or 14,600,000 in this country.

a small part of the people. The males of military age are 41 per cent of all the masculine population, or 14,600,000 in this country.

There is no military census of the United States, but these figures can be reached in a roundabout way. The impression is that the military age is from 18 to 44 years, but in the draft of 1863 the age was from 20 to 44 inclusive, and in Europe it was from 21 to 44. In the rebellion the actual volunteers proved to be one-half enough to put down the South, the other volunteers being those who preferred to join the army without waiting to be drafted.

Of the males of military age, it is found that 33 per cent are citizens, and there-different in the army without waiting to be drafted.

Of the males of military age, it is found that 33 per cent are citizens, and there-different in the endistments for the army in time of peace, over 50 per cent of the applicants are rejected, and the experience of the civil war showed that 25 per cent had to be dropped for disabilities. This leaves about 10,000,000 men.

Of the 10,000,000, 10 per cent are excused for humanitarian reasons, as the only sons of widowed mothers, or the only brothers of orphans under 12 years, or for some such reason. This leaves 9,000,000 men.

In a long war 25 per cent of an army is lost each year. This was the experience in our civil war, and in the Franco-Prussian struggle. Military authorities give about 67 per cent as the proportion of available males that should be kept in the army at one time. This further reduces our army, on paper, to 6,000,000 men, for the "mobilized troops," as they are called.

In actual warfare it is found that an army on the march can count on about

called.
In actual warfare it is found that an army on the march can count on about 50 per cent of the official number. Of the men on duty, 5 per cent are teamsters, musicians, orderlies and other very necessary members of an army. The number of "effectives" left is, therefore, about 1,900,000. 900,000. To this number then, our American army

is reduced on close scientific study, making the talk of 10,000,000 men ready to spring to arms, if arms were to be had for them, a mere piece of folly.

## 67 AND AT NIGHT SCHOOL

Gray Haired Woman Studies at a New York Night School With the Vim of a Girl.

rom the New York Journal. Three hundred and fifty-nine pupils are registered at the Evening High School for

registered at the Evening High School for Women at No. 213 East Twentieth street. Although it opened only last week and is really an experiment, every night brings scores of girls, and not girls only, but women, some old enough to be the grand-mothers of those who study there in the daytime, all anxious to pick up the threads of their education laid down too early, and it to learn what heretofore work has prevented them from acquiring.

It is pathetic, touching, to watch the earnestness of these 339 pupils. So eager to learn are they that many, after working all day, with nothing but a sandwich or something equally unsubstantial for their lunch, are willing to do without their dinners or suppers in order to be at the school when the door opens at 6:45 p. m. They live in Harlem, perhaps, downtown or on the west side of the city. To go home from work and then to school would require more time than they have, and perhaps extra car fare, which to many would be an impossible luxury, so they would gladly wait on the sidewalk rest their tired backs against the area railings until school time, for the privilege of studying. area railings until school time, for the priv-

liege of studying.

One woman is 67 years old, another is 57 and keeps boarders; one of 38 has children at home who study from the same books

abethtown, N. M., has regained his speech.
A short time ago he went to Red river,
where he has been under treatment by
Dr. Lucas, who assured him that his case
was curable and that he would soon restore him to his former condition. Last
Sunday night he again was able to talk.
Shortly after Il o'clock he awoke his room
mate by exclaiming, "Get up. The war is
over. Let us go over and show those fellows how to play poker."

His friend was delighted to hear him
articulate and he arose and went with
him. He has now returned to his home
in Elizabethtown a happy man.

#### SOMEONE STOLE HIS BIBLES. Rev. Mr. S. Hall Young, a Presbyterian Minister. Writes of Klon-

dike Experiences. In July Rev. S. Hall Young, of Wooster, "How do you come to be celebrating your golden wedding, Binks? You've only been married three years." "I know." said Binks, "but my wife and I thought we'd better have it now when we really need the gold."—Harper's Bazar.

"Tell me, doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine case."—Puck.

In July Rev. S. Hall Young, of Wooster, O., started for the Klondike gold region as a warried for the Klondike gold region as a freesbyterian missionary. His wife and daughters received a letter dated September 10, from Lake Bennett, briefly telling them of his successful journey over the Skaguay trail and Chilkoot and White passes. He says the Skaguay trail is beyond the power of description—one mass of the confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine case."—Puck.

## LATEST ENGLISH COIFFURE.

